

"Quote"

To conserve the time of Public Speakers, Educators, Writers, Ministers, Executives and all who are "Too Busy to Read"

Issued weekly by Quote Service
MAXWELL DROKE, Publisher

Business and Editorial offices,
DROKE HOUSE
1014 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis

Subscription rate: \$5.00 per year
in advance, in United States and
Possessions. Foreign: \$6 per year.

Entered as Second Class matter April 2,
1941, at the Post Office at Indianapolis,
Indiana, under Act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. I

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JUNE 21, 1941

No. 25

It may seem incongruous to assert, in the face of successive Nazi victories that Germany has lost the war. Yet that conviction has been crystalizing slowly amongst informed neutrals. And this week, John T. Whitaker, a conservative correspondent of *Chicago Daily News* radioed from Lisbon a story asserting that three unidentified members of the Nazi cabinet had admitted the probability of eventual disaster. Once again Germany has misread the temper of the American people.

All this does not presage the early cessation of hostilities. Quite the contrary. It will cost a lot of blood, a lot of bombers and bullets to buy a conclusive victory. But it now appears certain that the job can be done — and will be done.

Russian Enigma—We stand pat on our statement of last week in which, you will recall, we very profoundly said nothing at all. We are completely convinced that Stalin doesn't want to fight. We are by no means convinced that he may not have to fight. One thing appears certain: Hitler must control the Ukraine, cost what it may. Rumania's wheat crop is reduced to a tenth of normal; there will not be enough to feed her own people. Russia's bounty must sustain a ravished and ravishing Europe.

German-Turkish Treaty—This would be a significant document, if it meant anything — which, on its face, it doesn't. The clause, meticulously inserted by Turkey, specifying that nothing in the agreement shall be taken to subordinate or nullify her present agreements with Great Britain, puts the document in the p-f-t, or wet - fire - cracker classification. Germany no doubt made the deal, just at this time, for psychological reasons. Not being able to get the treaty she wanted, she proceeded to rush a treaty — any treaty — on a theory



We are born to freedom, and believing in freedom, are willing to fight to maintain freedom.

We, and all others who believe as deeply as we do, would rather die on our feet than live on our knees. — FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, accepting in absentia an honorary doctorate of civil law conferred by Oxford University, England.

that the tidings, conveyed by grapevine, would not bring sunshine and light into the Kremlin.

Of course you can never tell about treaties in these treacherous times. It may be that there is a secret clause giving the Nazis a coveted overland route. But on the published version — which is all we have to judge by — the agreement did not rate the headlines it received at mid-week.

The Syrian Invasion—So far, Britain and the French have patently been dallying with the foe, waiting for the Vichy cohorts to "give in." They now appear convinced that this isn't going to happen, and that a sterner course must be pursued. Damascus should be in the hands of the British before you read these words. And there is a report from Ankara that Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, British Commander in the Mid-East is at Baghdad to direct a big Allied attack on Syria from the Iraq frontier. Look for a good deal more action next week.

Egypt—The mid-week scrimmage

will have to be chalked up as a British defeat, since they were driven back to their original advanced positions. However, this probably doesn't mean much either way, and may have been worth all it cost in permitting British to determine Nazi-Italian strength. Time out on both sides to reorganize.

Ruin in the Ruhr—The multiplied millions of pounds of high explosives the RAF has been dropping, night upon night in the Ruhr district is unquestionably disrupting Nazi industry to a greater degree than high spokesmen care to admit. Of even more immediate consequence may be repeated attacks on French parts. This RAF action will greatly complicate Nazi invasion efforts when, as and if.

Tea Party Trouble—Nations, in their diplomatic differences are not unlike little girls "playing house." When Annabella and Susie get a "mad" on each other, the supreme insult is for A—to invite S—to pick up her dolls and dishes and migrate to her own back yard.

As everyone knows, our difficulties with Germany this week reached the stage of "tea-party" trouble. In forcing Germany to close her consulates in this country, U. S. gained far more than she lost in Nazi retaliatory action. It has been many months since our consuls in Germany and the occupied territories have been able to forward the State department information of significant value. Germany, on the other hand, enjoying diplomatic immunity in a democratic state, had virtually a free hand to indulge subversive activities.

House Ways and Means committee is still struggling with the new tax bill, which will be upped approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ billions. In terms of income tax this means that most of us, next year will be paying double, even triple our present Federal tax.

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Quote prophesies—

—that the shortage of skilled workers will become increasingly acute as the Defense program hits its full stride. Non-defense industries are already being drained and there is no practicable way by which skilled labor can be developed rapidly. The solution, therefore, is a longer work-week. Look for nation-wide propaganda campaign directed toward skilled machinists, etc., urging longer work-week on patriotic grounds. Majority may be working 48 hours or longer before Summer is over. . . . Labor shortage will tend to eliminate complaints of "discrimination" against groups because of race, national origin, etc. Many, of course, will continue to feel themselves discriminated against when true difficulty is they cannot measure up to high standards set by industry.

AMERICAN-BRITISH RELATIONS

We have a recollection of seeing, somewhere, a steel engraving depicting the attack of wolves upon a Russian droshky, or whatever the word is for a big sleigh. We dimly remember being told that several passengers had already been thrown out to satisfy the wolves while the sleigh moved forward toward Moscow and safety. The details are all very hazy in our mind—but the central idea is clear. If you ever ride in a droshky, take along a few friends with which to detain the wolves.

The Nazi wolves have already been detained, successively, by the Poles, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Yugo-Slavs and the Greeks. The droshky now contains only John Bull and Uncle Sam. In case the wolves need to be diverted once more, which of these two do you guess will do the diverting? Ever read history? —Editorial in *Scribner's Commentator*, 7-41.

ANIMALS—Dogs

With the aid of dogs, a shepherd and a tiny Pomeranian, two Oregon women have evolved a novel scheme for raising money to succor Britain's animals.

"Bob" and "Darkie" are driven downtown and a good parking place found. Then "Bob" the shepherd

stands in front of the car which bears a sign reading

AID FOR BOMBED ANIMALS

Please contribute to
Horses that deliver the milk
And aid humanity
Dogs that help with rescue work
The people's pets
Farm Animals that help keep
the life line open
AMERICAN RED STAR ANIMAL
RELIEF

"Bob" wears two little book-shaped banks which are changed from time to time when they get heavy. The money collected in this manner is deposited in the bank and when enough is accumulated is transferred to the Red Star for transmission to England. . . . To date more than five thousand dollars in donations have been received.—Condensed from *National Humane Review*, 6-41.

ART—Artists

A man has no alternative but to take the material the world provides him, but an artist gives it back larger and finer than it was received. If the world provides a painter with a street to paint and the street is shabby, the great painter will paint the street, and the shabbiness, and then his own greatness.

That is what every man who labors in the field of art gives back to the world. His greatness—or nothing. A good many confused or mediocre but doubtless sincere artists keep giving back to the world only what the world gives them, which the world has too much of to begin with.—WILLIAM SABOYAN, *Art Digest*.

AVIATION—Safety

German airmen who have been forced to bale out over the Channel are now making use of an added safety device by means of which they may be detected from a great height by any German aeroplane in the vicinity. The device consists of dyeing green a large patch of the grey-blue water, so that the airmen are floating on a clearly visible background of their own making. Before parachuting out of their stricken machine, a collapsible dinghy has been dropped, the equipment of which includes a bottle containing a special green liquid. Once aboard the dinghy, this liquid is poured into the sea, and anxious eyes turned skyward for any German aircraft. Once detected, a radio message accelerates their rescue.—*Illustrated London News*, 5-10-41.

CHANGING WORLD

No two generations in the history of the world have ever been brought up under such fundamentally different conditions as have been those of my age and the young of today. . . .

A little while ago a boy who was seeing a horse and buggy for the first time said thoughtfully, "That is the funniest antenna I have ever seen." It developed that he meant the whip in its socket on the buggy. The father could think in terms of whips. The boy could think only of a car with its radio.—JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, "A Checkbook isn't a Father," *The Rotarian*, 6-41.

CHRISTIANITY

It is told of the Roman Emperor Julian, . . . that on the road to the East he stopped for a month in Antioch, the city of his youth, to rest and re-equip his legions before their arduous campaign into Persia. Donning the cloak of a philosopher one day, the Emperor strolled into the city to mingle with the crowds, to listen to the gossip in the taverns and to hear the comment of the public orators in the forum. On the way, it is said, he observed with satisfaction that his decrees against the new religion of Galilee had been strictly enforced and that the cult of Mithra had everywhere been restored to honor. Dirt and refuse lay heaped against the walls of the Christian chapels and their doors and windows had been boarded up.

Continuing his stroll, the Emperor walked into one of the populous quarters, where he espied a certain merchant by the name of Agathon, whom he had known in his youth. Now, Agathon was one of the few in Antioch who had remained Christian. . . .

"Tell me, Agathon, what has become of the Carpenter of Nazareth? Is He still around?" And, pointing to the temple and the joyous multitudes, the Emperor added: "Has He any work at all these days, your Carpenter? Are there still some little jobs coming His way at least?"

For a moment Agathon was still. Then, looking the Emperor in the face, he said: "Yes, Julian, the Carpenter of Nazareth is very busy these days. . . . He is nailing together a coffin for your Empire!"

Six months later Julian was no more. The Galilean had conquered.—PIERRE VAN PAASEN, *The Time is NOW!* (Dial Press, \$1.00).

CIVILIZATION

A little group of people was shipwrecked on a desert island in the middle of the Pacific. After many weary months a passing ship saw their plight and sent a boat ashore. But the boat did not land at once; one of the sailors threw a bundle of newspapers on the beach, shouting that they were from the captain, and saying:

"After you've read them, he wants to know whether you want to be rescued."—*London Rotarian*, England.

CORRESPONDENCE

The British postal service is now transmitting letters of its soldiers and seamen serving in foreign countries by "airgraph." They write their letters on a special form, 11 by 8 inches, printing their names in block letters in a panel at the bottom. This form is then photographed on a small film and delivered by airplane to Britain where an enlargement is made and mailed to the address indicated. This reduces weight and bulk of mail; 4,000 of such negatives weigh less than one pound while an equivalent number of letters would weigh 150 pounds.—*Capper's Weekly*, 5-31-'41.

British prisoners of war are managing to convey a very definite meaning in their letters home—one, in fact, which foils the censors. Here's an example written by an incarcerated Britisher to his father.

"We get the best food I've ever eaten. The camp guards are all extremely decent and intelligent. Tell all my friends how well I'm being treated. Tell my friends in the Army, tell them in the Navy, and, above all, tell it to the Marines!"—*American Legion Magazine*, 6-3-'41.

GAMES—Bridge

While bridge is the open sesame to Society, it is also a sentence to a shuffling ordeal that requires a strong heart and a thick skin. There is no time out for a sickness, death or trouble. "It is too bad about Mary. She played a nice game, too,—oh, by the way, I know a lady who just moved to town, who says she'll play for a tenth." There are no "Miss your empty chair" cards sent to the absent members. The game must go on! They may pitch in a dime apiece for lilies, but don't have your funeral at three on Wednesday, because it's their set-game day.—*LUCY RICH CRAGIN, Bridge World*, 6-'41.

HOSPITALITY—Limitation

To curb "visiting relatives" who overstay their welcome, the Palute Indian tribe of Fort Bidwell, Calif., wrote this provision to their constitution: "Visiting relatives or friends of those having residence on the reservation shall be permitted, but shall be limited to 14 days at any one time, and shall not exceed 30 days in any one calendar year."

Why Hoboes Pray Hitler Will Drop Dead!

Hoboes are the freest men alive. They could exist only in a country where *Tolerance* is the watchword. Under Hitler, all men and women must serve the state as the state determines. In America, we answer only to the dictates of our conscience, not the conscience—if any—of a dictator. We are allowed to find our niche in society via the route that appeals to us, provided we don't infringe upon the rights of our equally free fellow citizens. Here we may rub elbows with our most bloated plutocrats, listen to the same radio programs on our five-dollar "shoebox" as the millionaire with his McMurdo-Silver costing five hundred. This, we agree, is a priceless boon. One, in fact, worth fighting and dying to defend.

Right now, Vice and Violence run riot, with Adolf Hitler cracking the whip that makes his stooges do his bidding. We pray that God may see fit to strike down this murderous monster. If not, we are ready and willing to do our share in crushing him and all his supporters. And that goes for the home-grown variety of Nazi or Communist stooge as well.

But if all the help we can give to others proves insufficient, we'll do the job ourselves without flinching! . . . And—Shades of Washington—we CAN do it!—*JOSEPH BROWN PIRRET, Hobo News*, 6-'41.

HOUSING

News item: Grand Prairie, Tex.—Fifty workmen built a four room house in 57 minutes and 58 seconds here today.

That should just about set the record for the thrown together little house. The little house for people who just want to do light housekeeping on the edge of town. The little house

which settles gradually but firmly so that a handful of marbles released in the center of any room will race to one corner and huddle there.

The cozy little house whose timbers shrink and shrink, causing the plaster to crack and crack; whose mopboards withdraw from the floorboards and whose floorboards withdraw from the mopboards, leaving from a quarter to half an inch of clear space for dust from the cellar and draughts from the outside world to blow across the ankles of the inmates and keep crawling infants in a perpetual state of bleary-eyed sniffles.

The dear little house whose windows rattle excitedly in every breeze, whose cellar walls sweat perpetually, and whose doors stick and bind so that opening each one requires a special technique and closing them firmly is out of the question.

The little American dream house, whose locks won't work, whose paint flakes, whose wall paper crawls on the bias, and whose owners are fit to be tied before they have fairly launched themselves into their first mortgage. Ah, there's a little house for you, madam. Grab it, get your money's worth before it shrinks to half its present size!—*Providence (R. I.) Evening Bulletin*.

IDEAS

An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it.—*DON MARQUIA*.

INTELLIGENCE

More brains are required for successful courtship and family life than for fighting if the experiments reported on fish at the meeting of the American Association of Anatomists are susceptible of generalization.

The theory that love needs better brains than war was substantiated in the cases of two species of tropical fish. Drs. G. K. Noble and Ray Borne of the American Museum of Natural History tried certain surgical experiments on the part of the brain that ordinarily has charge of voluntary action. Both the Siamese fighting fish and the jewel fish went right on fighting after their forebrains were removed by the scientists. They were no worse for the deprivation.

But when it came to their love lives, they were practically helpless. It took at least half a brain, either right or left half of the front part, for any successful courtship or marriage.—*U. S. Week*, 6-7-'41.

THE COLUMNISTS' COLUMN

This is the last column to be written for some time by the young Washington correspondents JOSEPH ALSOP (30) and ROBERT KINTNER (31). ALSOP is going into active service with the navy, and KINTNER will serve with the army in the near future.

Next to the widespread ignorance of the true meaning of German victory, the most disturbing phenomenon in the United States today is the strange failure of national self-confidence.

Those who say, "The war is lost already, and we cannot change the outcome" are talking nonsense. . . . Men who know the full facts are convinced that an American decision to act will make victory very probable.

The President's naval and military advisers say first that American action will stabilize the strategic situation, preventing further degeneration, and giving time for complete preparedness. Second, when all is prepared, the United States and Britain, fighting side by side, can defeat Germany. The first and most obvious reason for self-confidence is the American navy.

Sea power, allied with air power is still the decisive factor. The American navy is a magnificent instrument of sea power, strong, fully ready, finely organized and finely commanded. Its air arm is indisputably the best in the world. The naval plans have been prepared . . .

Part of the fleet will hold the Pacific, while the rest goes into action in the Atlantic. There is no doubt in the minds of competent officers that our navy, in partnership with Britain's is strong enough to dissuade the Japanese from any direct attack upon us in the Pacific, while we are winning the crucial battle of the Atlantic. Indeed it is estimated that the battle of the Atlantic can be won in less than a month's time.

The second reason for self-confidence is American production, which represents 50 per cent of the productive resources of industrial capitalism in the entire civilized world. The President has at last made his labor policy strong, and while the organization of production is still far from ideal, it has improved.—JOSEPH ALSOP & ROBERT KINTNER. (Copyright, New York Tribune, Inc.)

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

After announcing American aid to Britain, a commentator on an Italian radio program broadcast his regret that "Columbus was ever born."—*Pathfinder*, 6-7-41.

IRONY

The Fuller Brush Company issues a manual for the instruction and advice of its office employees, and in it is included this delicately distracting paragraph:

"Employees are not permitted to receive personal visitors during office hours except in cases of emergency. This rule is maintained as much for your protection as for the Company's. It prevents your being annoyed by hordes of salesmen who would like to be admitted under the guise of personal visits for the purpose of selling magazines, insurance, or merchandise."—*New Yorker*, 6-7-41.

" " Always the Oriental's anxiety to save face is a matter of much innocent merriment among us who leave \$700,000,000 a year in beauty parlors.—*SENATOR SOAPER*.

LABOR—Strikes

British labor has agreed with British capital not to strike during this war if capital will hold down its profits to 6 percent or less. Labor has also agreed with capital and government to accept fixed wages that are adjusted to slide with the cost of living.—*Townsend National Weekly*, 6-14-41.

" " When they holler "strike" in the States everybody drops the pick and shovel, but when they holler "strike" in the Alaskan North, everybody grabs the pick and shovel and goes to work.—*Alaska Travelgraph*, 5-41.

MARRIAGE

June brides might heed a word of advice from the *Ladies' Home Journal* of fifty years ago: A bride's first lesson is to respect the extreme sensitivity of her husband, who doesn't want people to know he has just been married; she will be wise if, after her first journey, she assumes a gown that has seen wear; if she will forget to look around in a startled manner whenever her husband is gone from her side, as it is not likely that he is either going to be lost or stolen. The next thing for her to learn is to address her husband as "Mr. Brown" before people.

MOTION PICTURE—

Premiums

A movie neighborhood theatre announced on its screen, "Free: 5-cent candy bars to all children leaving before 6 p. m."—*Marketing*.

NEWSPAPERS

Yonkers, N. Y., residents serving in the nation's armed forces will receive an eight-page weekly mailed to them free of charge. This weekly will carry a condensation of all local happenings, emphasizing "personals," sports and men's interests. No advertising will be carried and the cost of the paper will be borne by a local Foundation.

NEWSPAPERS—

Propaganda

German propaganda in Latin America takes many forms. The leading German-owned newspaper in Argentina is *El Pampero*, which is subsidized directly by the German Embassy there. *El Pampero* is not very popular with the government and its editor has been arrested and his paper suppressed on more than one occasion. . . . *El Pampero* has some curious circulation methods. The papers are given away to the newsboys to induce them to bark *El Pampero* in preference to other papers. In fact, to hear them, the stranger in town would think that's the only paper on sale. This failing to revive slumping circulation, another trick is now being resorted to at certain strategic places in the city. When someone wants a paper, without asking him what paper he wants, a folded *Pampero* is stuck into his hand. If one protests and asks for another paper, he gets what he wants. But, stuck away inside his paper that he bought, and free, gratis, he will find a copy of *El Pampero* neatly folded up.—From a speech by WESTBROOK VAN VOORHIS, "Nazi Penetration in South America."

NOISE—Preventive

Earnest H. Peabody, president of the League for Less Noise, . . . demonstrated a device that prevents horns from being sounded when an automobile is standing still or going less than three miles an hour. (One idea is to stop swains from collecting their dates by the "honk" method.) The gadget consists of a cut-out and a relay connected with the speedometer. If you get one and somebody starts backing into you while you're parked, just yell.—*PM*, 6-11-41.

NUTRITION

Selectees that don't make the grade physically now (and thus get out of army service) will soon be put into rehabilitation camps according to hints gleaned from the National Nutrition Conference for Defense. Men will be placed, perhaps, under some civilian agency like NYA, CCC or some new one, to be repaired medically and fed remedially to make them fit for service. Poor people in the cities not eligible for the food stamp plan and not on relief will be helped in some way to bring their diet up to the new food yardstick announced at the conference.—*Science News Letter*, 6-7-41.

PARENTS

A new psychological trend is demonstrated by the statement, "In dealing with the problem child, look for problem parents." Leslie B. Holman, M. D. associate in Psychiatry at Johns Hopkins turns the spotlight on the problem parents in a recent article from which the following remarks are taken:

"One of our family myths is the myth of parents' continued superior intelligence. Countless fathers and mothers never admit to themselves that they cannot possibly maintain forever the years of intellectual superiority they had over their child in the beginning. . . .

"A family physician told me of a substantial Wisconsin farmer who is barely speaking to his son, because 'the boy'—twenty-nine or thirty years old—sprayed the apple trees against the father's orders. The spraying, part of the modern technique which the son learned at agricultural college, resulted in a record crop for the farm. Nevertheless, the father argues that he 'was raising apples before the boy was born' and 'the boy has no right to go against the word of a man.'"—*Ladies' Home Journal*, 6-41.

PATRIOTISM

Wendell Willkie fought with Mayor Kelly of Chicago in the last election. He said: "To hell with Chicago; we're out from under Kelly-Nash." The mayor cracked back that Willkie was a creature of "Morgan and Wall Street."

Last week Willkie visited Chicago to speak at a defense rally and called on the mayor. They shook hands. "The question is whether we're for or against America," said the mayor. "That's right," Willkie replied.

THE NEW BOOKS...

What You Want to Know About Them

This Above All—ERIC KNIGHT, *The Flying Yorkshireman, Song On Your Bugle*, (Harper's \$2.50).

The famous farewell of Polonius to his son Laertes in the immortal *Hamlet* has been interpreted in the light (or perhaps it should be called *darkness*) of present-day England at war. In selecting the first three words as his title for this best-selling novel, Eric Knight has obviously implied the remainder:

This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Even tradition was under fire. The only Cathaway seeing action in this war was a woman—Prudence Cathaway in the W.A.A.F. Not that old General Hamish Cathaway hadn't produced sons. There were three, but each saw his vital duty in civilian service. Only this one granddaughter in uniform. Old Hamish tried not to influence his sons, but it was hard to refrain. "I shall never forget when I came back from Egypt, no the Boer War, with that one over my kidneys." This to his barrister son. "Well, when I got home your mother was—well, very distant. And finally I twigged it. It was being wounded in the back. I had quite a time explaining to her how shrap bursts. In fact, I don't think she's got past the old idea yet—that I'm on a horse, charging into every battle." Yes, tradition rode high even among the Cathaway women.

In the dark they met,—Clive and Prudence. Soldier on leave and girl of the W.A.A.F. Bitter, silent, and disillusioned about war, Clive scoffed at the patriotism and glowing ideals which rolled out with Prue's conversation. What did she know of war? Clive had lived through Dunkirk.

They argued long and often. But the magnetism which first drew them together would not let them part. These were wartimes. Life must be lived deeply before it slipped away. So Prue obtained leave and went with Clive to a seaside resort. It was lonely there for people had scurried away to their homes—to safety wherever that might be. In that week the war

drew near. Tense and sleepless in the dark of the blackout, Prue tried to smother her fear as German planes flew overhead by encouraging Clive to talk. Before her leave was over she had drawn out the story of a poverty-stricken illegitimate lad, puzzled at the scornful cruelty of his school-mates. A lad who finished school with all the hopes and ambitions instilled in the lands of equality and democracy, only to find them hollow words. Work, defeat, continued poverty. Then the war. All this was in sad contrast to the protected life of wealth and ease which had been Prue's in a home of the upper middle-class. It was startling, pitiful, but she could not blame England.

Nothing could make Clive talk about the war. Only when his closest buddy arrived at the hotel, a crude but genuine "old soldier," did Prue learn of Clive's courage and heroism at Dunkirk and during the horrible days of retreat preceding the evacuation.

Leave could not last forever. The day Prudence must return she discovered the reason for Clive's ill-humor and reticence about the war. He was not going back. He was a deserter! Highpoint in the book is the long and sincere debate between Clive and Prudence: Is England worth fighting for? An England which disillusioned its youth as Clive had been disillusioned. Prue returned to the W.A.A.F. Clive, like a hunted criminal, furtively hid and ran. But it didn't work. He found himself retracing the places where he and Prudence had been. He must see her. Over the phone he told her that he was going back. They were to meet in London and be married before he left. But London was bombed that night, and in helping a stricken people who suffered but would not give up Clive regained his faith in England.

Although the story of Prue and Clive is the theme supreme, the incident of Old Hamish helping to bring a calf into the world while his home and barns were being bombed, of Iris frantically seeking safety for herself and her children, of Prentiss Sainthby commissioned to buy supplies in America, round out a vivid drama of words and actions—England at War.

PEACE

For weeks pickets representing a purported peace organization have been parading up and down before the White House in Washington, carrying placards. When Cong. Luther Patrick of Alabama could stand this performance no longer he had a large sign made reading:

APPEASERS, BUNDISTS, REDS, ETC.—

YOU KNOW HOW TO PICKET—

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK?

Carrying this sign the Congressman did some picketing of his own. On his arm he had a small pail of potatoes which he peeled as he marched up and down with the other pickets, saying he wanted to do something useful while parading.—*Capitol's Weekly*, 6-14-41.

PESSIMISM

He is in his seventies and he spends his winters at a southern luxury hotel. His constant companions are two guards—one of whom must be on duty all the time. The purpose of the guards is not to protect him against outside enemies. He is the victim of his hatred of the administration at Washington. He is convinced that the country is going to the dogs and that his ample fortune will be taken away from him. He fears he may try to escape from this world of torture by committing suicide. So he hires two guards to protect him against himself.—THOMAS DREIER, *The Vagabond*, 6-41.

PHILOSOPHY—Eskimo

Sidney Montague, who, as a member of the Northwest Mounted Police Force, lived for a number of years with the Eskimos in the Arctic, found out much about their philosophy which can be expressed in one word: "Relax!" It is their belief that when they go to sleep at night they die and when they awaken in the morning they have been born again. Each day is a separate lifetime; each morning is the beginning of a new life.

Montague taught the Eskimos to play bridge but they refused to take the game seriously. They seemed to have as much fun in losing as in winning. "You win today, I win tomorrow. What's the difference?" is the way one of them expressed it.

Rather a slow, easy-going philosophy for our high-speed civilization? Maybe. But wouldn't we live longer and get more out of life if we used a little of this Eskimo philosophy?—*Opportunity*, 7-41.

PRISONS—Prisoners

Spanish prisons do not feed their inmates who must pay for what they eat. On the present-day prison menu, one egg costs twenty-five cents.—HANS HARE, "Life in Spain Today," *American Mercury*, 6-41.

" "

The Federal District Penitentiary in Mexico City offers its inmates every latitude for setting themselves up in any business that they may wish. Upon request they are allotted unoccupied cells—rent free—in the shopping district of the Big House, Corridor Three. The name and description of the enterprise is printed on the cell door—usually with artistic representations of their wares. Thus we find the following prosperous concerns: "La Vencedora Hat Shop—Cleaning and Blacking Done Quickly and Expertly — Reasonable Prices — Walk Right In"; "La Elegancia Tailoring Shop"; "Melva—Hairdressing a la Mode"; "El Brodequil Perfecto—Shoes Repaired and Made to Measure."

There is even a printer who does "visiting cards" (!), a dentist who carries out "painless extractions," a miniaturist who works in marble, silver, etc. Antonio Ramirez who sold dogs as a free citizen still offers more opulent visitors Pekinese pups; Rosario Orozco, caught snatching purses, is the picture of contentment as he looks after his refreshment stand. A lawyer, whose profound knowledge of the law has apparently not sufficed to keep him beyond its reach, provides secretarial service for illiterates and directs petitions and appeals for fellow prisoners. Nor is there any trifling with this important personage: on the door of his "office" is the warning: "Time is Money—Don't Waste My Time."—WILLIAM STOKES, "Love and Money Jail," *Magazine Digest*, Canada, 6-41.

PROPAGANDA—Music

There has cropped up in the United States a new propaganda device. . . . An outfit which calls itself the Almanac Music Company, Inc., has recently brought out a series of phonograph records, called "Songs for John Doe." These recordings are distributed under the innocuous appeal: "Sing out for Peace." Yet they are strictly subversive and illegal. Sung to such familiar tunes as "Billy Boy," they ridicule the American defense effort, democracy, and the army. Whether communist or Nazi financed, their general spirit is well indicated by the following sample:—

C for Conscription

It's C for Conscription, and C for Capitol Hill;

C for Conscription and C for Capitol Hill;

It's C for the Congress that passed that goddamned bill.

Another song is called "Plow Under"; it's the first one so I guess they liked it best. The first verse runs:—

Remember when the AAA Killed a million hogs a day?

Instead of hogs, it's men today—Plow the fourth one under!

Plow under, plow under,

Plow under every fourth American boy!

And the last one:—

Now the politicians rant,

"A boy's no better than a cotton plant; But we are here to say you can't Plow the fourth one under."

The three records sell for one dollar and you are asked to "play them in your home, play them in your union hall, take them back to your people."—CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH, "The Poison in our System," *Atlantic Monthly*, 6-41.

PROPHECY

When mankind is in desperate straits, prophecy always rises from the obscurity into which prosperity has thrust it. It answers the need of the hour and disappears again.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 5-41.

PSYCHOLOGY

A gentleman we know accepted an official position with the United China Relief and soon felt obliged to patronize a Chinese laundry. He found one in his neighborhood readily, but the thing didn't work out quite right because the Chinamen put starch in his shirts, and with all his pidgin English and gestures he couldn't get them not to. He reported his predicament to a Chinese colleague at relief headquarters who wrote him out a little note in Chinese characters which he enclosed with his laundry next time he sent it around. He called for his shirts personally a few evenings later and the entire staff turned out in happy ceremony to greet him, bowing and clucking. There was no starch whatever in his collars and cuffs. Next day he asked his Chinese confrere what the note had said and the latter translated it: "The gentleman is a great and good friend of the Chinese people. He does not want starch in his collars. This will help China."—*New Yorker*, 5-31-41.

The Day of Reckoning

The name of "War"
Is but a name today, a cheating
cloak
For murder of the helpless
multitude,
By monsters in high places. If the
Right
Is Right, and worthy of honour
among men
As right, for ever, this crime must
be brought home.
If not, the lesser murderers who
die
Ten deaths a week, may with a
dirty laugh
Wipe out the name of Justice.

There is no room
For "reparations" now. Who can
repay
Those little children dead? What
gold, what gear,
What boundary lines; what land-
mark re-removed?
Better that not one word of all
these things
Be breathed on earth, and this one
crime brought home;
That, in the sight of all men, for
all time,
This crime be marked as crime,
and men believe
Once more in Justice; men believe
once more
In Right; believe no grasp of the
machine
Seized by whatever cunning, can
endow
The criminal with a power above
the law
To order deaths by myriads, and
to write
His name in "history," one of its
"Great Men."
—ALFRED NOYES, *If Judgment
comes*, (Stokes, \$1.50).

PSYCHOLOGY

Which of these sentences would you
use if there were a burglar down-
stairs?

1. "Help! Murder! Police!"
2. "The silver's in the bureau."
3. "Is that you, Archibald?"
4. "You get out of my house."
5. "Is that you, Butch?"

Elmer Wheeler, the Wizard of
Words, shows that to shout startles
the burglar and he will use force to
shut you up. "If the intruder thinks
anybody by the name of Archibald, or
Elmer, is on the way in, he won't
have to worry much.

"But if you were to say, 'Is that
you, Butch!'" and the burglar thinks
someone by the name of Butch is on
the way in," the word wizard explains,
"he'd better be on the way out."—
ROTH WIRICK, "The Wizard of Words,
Future, 6-41.

PSYCHOLOGY—Prices

Through its stock control records,
a New York city store has proven that
\$6.94 attracts many more purchasers
than does \$7.00; that \$4.38 has much
greater appeal than \$4.35; and that
hosiery can be sold much more read-
ily at 65 cents than at 60 cents.

The interesting thing about this is
that odd prices are not necessarily
cut prices.

There are other interesting ex-
amples of this in the operation of
other stores. For instance, we know
of one store that had been selling
men's socks for 25 cents a pair. Sales
were slow. The manager changed
the price to two pairs for 51 cents,
and his sales jumped immediately. We
were also told of a store selling
women's handbags at 88 cents which
increased its sales when the price was
moved up to 97 cents. (It's still a
strange and interesting world to us!)
—JOHN F. W. ANDERSON, *The Boot and
Shoe Recorder*.

RELIGION—In Wartime

In England there is striking evi-
dence of the vitality of religion.
Though Nazi bombers have damaged
2,650 English churches of all denom-
inations since the start of the war,
religion has followed the people to the
underground shelters, where a new
type of worship service known as
"tube evangelism" has arisen.

The movement aims to provide
daily prayer services for Londoners
who seek shelter from the Nazi Luft-
waffe in the city's subway stations.
A recent conference of fifty "tube
clergymen" completed plans to launch
separate groups of laymen and lay-
women who would aid in "tube serv-
ices" by conducting song services,
prayer periods, informal talks, and by
distributing literature.

Britons have also inaugurated the
practice of observing one minute of
silent prayer when Big Ben strikes
the evening hour of nine over the
radio.—*The United States Baptist*,
6-41.

SABOTAGE

Jeff Davis, "King" of the Hoboes,
ordered his subjects to keep off the
railroads—in the interest of national

defense. King Jeff doesn't want the
idea to get around that the hoboes
have had anything to do with recent
train wrecks in which sabotage was
suspected.

"I'm taking my boys off the roads
during the crisis, and then maybe we
can clean up the real bums," Davis
said.—*U. S. Week*, 6-14-41.

SANITY AND INSANITY

When normal persons are emotion-
ally upset, their blood pressure rises,
and there is an increase of sugar in
the blood. When insane persons are
emotionally upset, their blood pres-
sure falls, and there is a decrease of
sugar in the blood.—PROF. EUGENE
GELLHORN, University of Illinois, *Sci-
ence Digest*, 7-41.

SCIENCE

Artificial production of food by
electricity, extraction of valuable con-
stituents from sea water, recovery of
many natural products now going to
waste, and isolation of new compounds
are predicted by Dr. Colin G. Fink,
head of the division of electrochem-
istry at Columbia University. In pro-
ducing foodstuffs by electrical means,
scientists literally will be taking over
the work of the sun.

Fundamentally production of syn-
thetic potatoes, for example, requires
nothing more than substitution of one
form of energy, electricity, for an-
other, light. In the process, the con-
stituents of potato, starch, carbon,
hydrogen and oxygen are driven to-
gether to form the compound by
means of electricity. This same "driv-
ing together," he said, is done in
plants by light furnished by the sun.
—*Kansas City Star*.

SUPERSTITION

On her honeymoon the daughter of
a friend of mine broke her hand mir-
ror. A sensible girl, she didn't really
believe in bad luck—but felt nervous
just the same. I happened to be with
her when she had new glass put in.
The glazier—an ancient man from
Poland—cheered her up with the most
philosophical view I've ever heard
about our mirror superstition. . . .
"At heart," he said, "every girl thinks
her face is her fortune. In her mirror
she sees her face. If she breaks her
mirror it seems to her she breaks her
face, which means she breaks her
fortune. No more luck. But it ain't
true, lady. You still got your face, and
I'm going to sell you a new glass—
so we both got luck!"—PRINCESS
ALEXANDRIA KHOPOTKIN, "To The
Ladies, *Liberty*, 6-21-41.

TRAVEL—Precaution

When Reichs Marshal Herman Goering travels by rail through the Netherlands he takes no chances that anything might happen to his valuable person. Neutral travelers reported in London that Goering's train is drawn by two locomotives, which are followed by an anti-aircraft car, five armored coaches and a second anti-aircraft car. The train averages 35 miles an hour, and is preceded by a separate engine and baggage car, possibly to provide the Marshal with several changes of uniform.—*Knickerbocker Weekly*, 6-2-'41.

WAR—Devastation

The most macabre bombing tragedy (I witnessed in China) was one which occurred far outside the city. A group of people were walking through a graveyard when a flight of bombers appeared, flying low. Fearing machine-gunning they took refuge in some of the open tombs in which the Szechuanese bury their dead. Apparently the Japanese had failed to get rid of their bombs in the city and nonchalantly chose the graveyard over which to unload. The poor devils below were killed and entombed in one operation.—EDGAR SNOW, *The Battle for Asia*, (Random House, \$3.75).

" "

I was present at a dinner given by Hitler some years ago, and in that wild gesticulating manner of his, Hitler shouted, "If I die my enemies will die with me, even if I have to force a bacterial war and completely destroy my hated enemies. If a Nazi-dominated country has no right to live, the other countries have no right either."—DR. OTTO STRASSER, "Rudolf Hess—the Mystery of the Man I Know," *Liberty*, 6-14-'41.

WAR—Production

In the days of Caesar the soldier at the front was an independent entity so far as dependence on home production to outfit and supply him was concerned. In 1870 the ratio had for the first time attained equality,—that is one man at home to back up one soldier at the front. Today the ratio is 18 to 1—18 home workers for each fighter!—From a chart in *Magazine of Wall Street*, 5-31-'41.

WAR—Unity

It is quite common now to see Englishmen speaking to each other in public although they have never been formally introduced.—London dispatch to *New York Times*.

Good Stories you can use . . .

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

FANNIE HURST

The well-known novelist likes to tell this story on herself:

Her novel *Just Around the Corner* had been newly published and one day, while strolling down Fifth Avenue, she approached a bookstore. Like most writers, she could not resist the urge to know if her new novel was on sale there. The clerk asked if he could assist her.

"I only want to browse around," she replied. Finally, not seeing her book, she asked the clerk if he had *Just Around the Corner* by Fannie Hurst.

"No, madam," he responded, "but we expect it in about two weeks."

Two weeks later she happened to be passing the same store and went in again. Once again, not finding her book, she asked for it.

Once again the clerk said, "We are expecting it in about two weeks."

"Evidently you haven't a very great demand for that book," Miss Hurst commented.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, madam," rejoined the clerk, "there was another lady asking about that same book a few weeks ago."—EDNA B. SMITH, *Your Personality*, (Waverly House, \$2).

Will Rogers used to tell a story about a friend of his, who was crazy about hunting, in spite of being a miserable shot. One day he met the friend, coming home from a day's shooting and obviously in the dumps.

"Didn't you get anything?" asked Will.

"Not a darned thing," said the man. "I was so ashamed to face my wife again that I went to one of the local butchers who obligingly tied a live rabbit to a tree for me to take a shot at."

Seeing that he had no rabbit with him Rogers exclaimed.

"What! Mean to tell me you even missed that?"

"Oh I made a swell shot," said the fellow gloomily, "Hit the rope clean in the middle, and I haven't seen the rabbit since!"—BLANCHE KAHN, *Coset*.

Two workmen sat down to eat their lunch and one began unwrapping a parcel about 18 or 20 inches long.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"Well, my wife's away, so I made a pie for myself."

"A bit long, ain't it?"

"Of course, it's long. It's rhubarb."

" "

After a particularly harrowing round during which a player had lost 14 balls, his caddy handed him his check covering his caddy fees. The caddy was new at the club and anxious to get ahead, so he asked the player to please mark on the slip whether he considered him a class A, B, or C caddy. The player turned on the boy in a rage and said, "You're the worst caddy I ever had—this check seems to be the only thing you didn't lose today." Weakly and miserably, the caddy replied, "Well mister, it's about the only thing you didn't swing at.—*Golf*."

Wisecracks of the Week

Two can live as cheaply as one can play golf.

" "

The trouble with cooling-off periods is that everything is likely to freeze—except the employer's profit.—*The Union*.

" "

Doubtless one reason so many Americans are driving cars is that they can find no place to park.—JOHN ANDREW HOLMES, *The Expositor*.

" "

Many a man keeps his nose to the grindstone so his wife can turn hers up at the neighbors.—*Scandal Sheet*, Graham, Texas.

" "

No matter how great a man is, the size of his funeral depends on the weather.

" "

The Danes are smoking tea. It must seem a little annoying, just as you have filled your pipe, to have somebody inquire, "With lemon?"—H. I. PHILLIPS, *New York Sun*.

